

RESORTS NEAR LONDON.

PLACES WHERE THE PEOPLE GO FOR THEIR HOLIDAYS.

The Tides of Pleasure Seekers that Sweep Along the South and East Coast—Favorite Suburban Retreats—Some Features of Hampstead Heath.

LONDON, July 29.—The vastness of London's population is less felt in its impressiveness from meeting it face to face in London thoroughfares than from even the still inadequate comprehension securable through seeing some of its component parts in its various holiday resorts of summer outings. In the first instance if one could severally confront its four or five million inhabitants along its seven thousand miles of streets, the monotony of the experience would detract from just perception of its tremendous import. But when you might pass an entire month, indeed perhaps an entire summer, without being able to visit, with the most careful disposition of time, any large proportion of its immediate resorts, finding at each outing, crowds numbering from hundreds to almost hundreds of thousands, the immensity of the totality of those who are not, begins to dawn upon the observant mind.

There are more than one hundred populous resorts, from thirty minutes' to two and a half hours, distance from the strand, beginning at Bournemouth and following the south coast with a circle of the Isle of Wight to the east coast, including those of the north and south shores of the lower Thames, and thence up along the Channel to Great Yarmouth. On every pleasant Saturday half holiday, on sunny Sundays and on Bank holiday and other full summer holidays, every one of these places is thronged. The rich, the well-to-do idlers and the families of comfortable tradesmen are found in these. I believe a quarter of a million of "outers" of all classes are at the same time afloat upon or lounging beside the Thames, from Margate to Windsor.

As an experiment in seeing London outing crowds, in one day's travel I found perhaps 30,000 people in Greenwich Park; as many more at Brighton; at least 10,000 overflowing Royal Kew Gardens; fully 40,000 in Hyde Park, where it seemed that all the open-air speakers of England were haranguing crowds upon every conceivable social, political and religious subject; from 40,000 to 50,000 on and about Hampstead Heath; and from 100,000 to 150,000 sporting themselves in the sun and shade of ancient Epping Forest. On this one day I secured at least glimpses of crowds that in all forms of holiday making must have numbered more than three quarters of a million souls.

Unquestionably the greatest two resorts for the London middle classes and the lowly are Hampstead Heath and Epping Forest. It is but a pleasant walk from the heart of London to Hampstead Heath, for its farthest reaches can be no farther than six miles from the Strand; while an Epping Forest to-and-return fare is but one shilling; and the myriad London costermongers and other possessors of tidy carts and traps find it an easy jog recreation grounds. The result is that in both of these resorts you invariably find herds of the "common people" filled to the brim with horse-play, "four ale" and good cheer. They are vigorous in their merry-making as children loosed from school. They are grudgingly but good-naturedly fierce in the utilization of every moment of the holiday in some sort of rugged diversion. And altogether they furnish scenes of the heartiest, easiest-provoked, most unctious and vociferous holiday enjoyment to be found in all the world.

The heath is a trifle west of north of the heart of London. It is not more than 300 or 400 acres in extent; but as it comprises the highest and widest hills rising out of the valley of the Thames, the railways have had to stop at its edge and leave its region for the people, almost as nature fashioned it. The High Street of old Hampstead town, winding up the last steep of the first hill which has stood as a rampart against London encroachment, gives charming views of ancient houses, old streets which have held their old names old courts and avenues of limes and elms.

You enter the Heath at once from old Hampstead town, and instantly comprehend that the region and its attractions to Londoners must be considered in three distinct aspects—its advantage for tree and untrammeled recreation; its positive inspiration to painter and poet and excellent uses for the naturalist; and from those blendings and environment of mellow age, tenderest aspect of all, which furnish the idler and the dreamer a host of winsome memories. First of all it is a wild and rugged heath and not a park. Dark, wind-bound fir trees hang against sandy ridges where they have for centuries clutched the virgin soil. There are high banks of red sand pierced by rabbit burrows. Ancient ditches and hedges cut each other at sharp angles. Narrow bournes or ravines, their hollowed floors of clear and shining sand, plough the hills in fanciful furrows, providing tiny crags of turf, mounds of verdure and pleasant ways and shade, as it one walked in well-worn ancient water-courses.

Another it is a mass of hills scooped into innumerable pits and cavities, threaded with tiny ponds, banked everywhere with hardy gorse and mazes of heather, wild flowers and grass, splashed with knots of noble trees, intersected by countless foot-ways, wild and rugged as when the Romans were here, and all seemingly held together by interlacing roadways with rugged sides of rock and sand and pines and firs. Around it is a shining thread of lovely hamlets, stately halls and winsome cottages, all gabled, ivied, old. Within it on gardened hills and blossoming hollows, or at its slumberous edges, where old structures like old folk seem to love to doze in sun and shade, are scores of those quaint and ancient inns, still the most charming heritage of the "merrie England" of long ago; and the whole region is exhilarating

from its free, fine uncouthness and the ceaseless breezes sweeping from odoriferous northern vales, ever, inviting to their life-giving dalliance the city millions below, and beating back from these fields of pleasure the pestilential breath of grimy London town.

It was at Hampstead Heath as at Hounslow Heath that the Jacksons, the Duvals and the Turpins of the sixteenth, seventeenth and eighteenth centuries cut purses, and throats it needs be to get them, and made merry as lords at its inns, some of which are here to minister alike to saint and sinner now. Over against the gardens of Wildwood, at the side of the Heath Hill road still stands the ancient Gilbert Elm. Upon its huge old arms, many centuries old, were hung in chains, when caught, these merry knights of the road.

The same locality, as you stroll towards Spaniards Road, will remind you as you look at the little oriel window of Wildwood House, of the saddest year of Lord Chatham's life; the year when the English nation's destinies were trembling in the balance and Chatham shut up here like a monk at penance struggled and prayed to be physically new and whole. It was here that Addison and his friends passed their summer evenings in the gardens of the old "Bell and Bush" tavern. George Stevens, Shakespeare's noted commentator, lived and died at the ancient "Upper Flask inn." Dr. Johnson wrote his "Vanity of Human Wishes" down there at Froggnall, in the edge of Hampstead, doubtless spurred to deepest conception of the subject by his giddy wife who, housed at the Wells, the ancient Hampstead Heath spa, constantly quarrelled with her physician about having her blonde tresses dyed black.

In the Grove at Highgate still stands the house in which Samuel Taylor Coleridge lived and died. Richardson lastingly connected his memory with the Heath by lodging his heroine, "Clarissa Harlowe" at the Upper Flask inn. Lord Mansfield who once resided at Caen Wood used to give dinners to the poor to from four to five hundred at a time presenting each guest "with a half crown and a quarter loaf when dinner was over." Lord Erskine once lived near the Spaniards inn; and this most famous historic inn of the Heath, which is still standing, owes much of its noteworthiness to its old time proprietor inviting the "No-Popery" or Gordon rioters, who, after burning Lord Mansfield's house in Bloomsbury, came to destroy his rural seat in Caen Wood, into his own cellars where they became so drunk that the rescuing troopers drove them like sheep down the Hampstead hills into frenzied London. Dickens utilized the incident in "Barnaby Rudge" and he also brought the immortal Pickwick to Hampstead Ponds to pursue his earnest scientific investigations.

Indeed a goodly volume could be written upon these worthies whose love of breezy Hampstead Heath has left upon it one of its rarest and sweetest charms. Shelley, Hazlitt and Haydon often met here in the cottage of Leigh Hunt in the vale of Health. Pope and Murray were often seen upon the high road from old Hampstead to Highgate, Hornsey and Barnet. Goldsmith found the Heath favorable to his muse and sauntered much in its thickets, hollows and rustic lanes. Here John Keats lived and here he wrote "Eve of St. Agnes," "Ode to the Nightingale," and "Endymion," as he sobbed out the closing years of his life before the pyramid of Rome to place his ashes near the pyramid of Cestus. The mother of Tennyson died in the fine old avenue of limes, Well Walk; and when the old Wells were noted as a spa the quality, the London "quality" both of purse and intellect, flocked here to drink the waters, to gamble and to flirt. At a later time Thackeray loved to study the folk and their manners at the Heath. Dickens and Forster used to muffle themselves up for a brisk walk over its wind-swept heights and take a "red-hot chop for dinner with a glass of good wine," at Jack Straw's Castle, the Spaniards or other of its fine old inns. And descending Highgate Hill from Lauderdale House, the glorious truth of blessed nursery rhyme comes home to us when we see the very spot, now covered by a mass of memorial stone, where sat poor Dick Whittingham as he listened to old Bow bells which rang him back to his city to be made "thrice Lord Mayor of London."

Big Cities in Old Times. The greatest cities of ancient times were Babylon and Rome. The former is said to have had an area from 100 to 200 square miles; its houses were three or four stories high, but palaces and gardens occupied much of the vast area, so that the population was not what these figures would seem to indicate. In fact, it is said by one historian that nine-tenths of this area was taken up with gardens and orchards. The total population of the city under Nebuchadnezzar is estimated at upward of 2,000,000. Rome reached its greatest size during the fourth century of our era, and its population was then about 2,500,000. The census taken (A. D. 48) A. U. C. 801 gave the city a population of 6,944,000; but this is not credited now. London is probably larger than any city of ancient times ever was, and it is the largest of the modern world. There are several ways of considering the population of London, but taking the area under the protection of the city and metropolitan police. The population in 1891 reached the enormous total of 5,363,332.

A Chance to Buy Cheap. In Belfast, Ireland there is a curious old custom, dating from quite two centuries ago. In the town there are two halls for selling linen, one of which is now used as offices, etc. This one is Lunen Hall proper, or White Linen Hall. The second is called Brown Linen Hall, in which the linen used to be sold unbleached, while bleached linen was sent to the former.

A very long time ago a patriotic man endowed this Brown Linen Hall, so that it cannot be sold; and it was stipulated that a market should be held every Friday. But when companies took up selling linen so one came to the old hall, so that it is now no longer of any use.

But regularly every Friday morning an old man opens the gates and put a single bale of unbleached linen up at auction. He is always the same old man, the linen is always the same, but no one ever comes to buy, and very few people know about it.

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A MANITOBIAN EXPERIENCE.

AN INTERESTING STORY FROM THE PRAIRIE PROVINCE.

A Sufferer For Years From Kidney Troubles and Dyspepsia Tells How He Found a Cure—His Advice to Others.

[From the Brandon, Man., Times.]

Recently, while a reporter of the Times was in Dr. Fleming & Son's drug establishment, a customer came in and asked for a package of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills. This incident turned the conversation to this now world-known remedy, and the reporter asked whether within their own observation Dr. Williams' Pink Pills are the remarkable remedy they are credited with being. The reply was given with no uncertain sound. "We have sold," said a member of the firm, "during the past year more Pink Pills by far than any other proprietary medicine. The demand is largely increasing, and from what we hear the results have been very beneficial to those using them. Indeed, if you call upon Mr. William Cooper, who resides on 13th street, you will probably get the particulars of a very interesting case."

The Times reporter felt that he would not only be giving his readers an interesting story, but might be the means of pointing out to some other sufferer the road to renewed health by securing the details of Mr. Cooper's case. With that end in view he called upon Mr. Cooper, and on making known his errand, was given a hearty welcome. "I have not the slightest objection," said Mr. Cooper, "to bearing public testimony to the great merit of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills. Indeed I believe it a duty on the part of those who experience such benefits as I have done, to make known as widely as possible the virtues of this remarkably remedial. For many years I suffered intensely from kidney trouble and dyspepsia, and only those who have been similarly afflicted can understand how great a burden life is at times. I tried all or nearly all of the remedies said to be a cure for those troubles, but in no case did I get more than temporary relief, and when a recurrence of the trouble came it seemed to be with greater intensity than before. I suffered so long that I despaired of ever being cured, and felt that even temporary relief was worth striving for. I was continually depressed in spirits, and sometimes could not help wishing myself dead. But now, thanks to Dr. Williams' Pink Pills, all that is changed, and despite my years I feel as light-hearted as a schoolboy. I was first induced to try Dr. Williams' Pink Pills through reading the accounts of the many marvellous cures that have appeared in the newspapers. I felt that if these wonderful pills had done so much for others, there must be hope for me, and I was not disappointed. I had not taken them long before I felt a change for the better. It was not the feeling of temporary relief I had experienced before—my whole system seemed stronger and better. You may be sure I continued the use of the Pink Pills, and the result is I am today a well man. My troubles have entirely left me, and I have now much better health and strength than I have enjoyed for years before. You can therefore understand the feeling of gratitude I have for Dr. Williams' Pink Pills, and I earnestly hope other sufferers will profit by my experience."

I have recommended the Pink Pills to many others, and always with good results. I can tell you of one man whose body was covered with foul, mattery sores, who used Pink Pills, and whose skin is now as clear and fresh as a child's. You may safely say that Dr. Williams' Pink Pills are a great medicine, and that their virtues cannot be too widely known."

Mr. Cooper, whose statement is given above, is one of Brandon's most highly esteemed citizens, and his story may be implicitly relied upon by any under whose notice it may come. Dr. Williams' Pink Pills are a perfect blood builder and nerve restorer, curing such diseases as rheumatism, neuralgia, partial paralysis, locomotor ataxia, St. Vitus dance, nervous headache, nervous prostration, the after effects of the grippe, influenza, and severe colds, diseases depending on humors in the blood, such as scrofula, chronic erysipelas, etc. Pink Pills give a healthy glow to pale and sallow complexions, and are a specific for the troubles peculiar to the female system, and in the case of men effect a radical cure in all cases arising from mental worry, overwork or excesses of any nature.

Dr. Williams' Pink Pills are sold only in boxes bearing the firm's trade mark. They are never sold in bulk, or by the dozen or hundred, and any dealer who offers substitutes in this form is trying to defraud you and should be avoided. The public are also cautioned against all other so-called blood builders and nerve tonics, put up in similar form intended to deceive. Ask your dealer for Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People and refuse all imitations and substitutes. These pills are manufactured by the Dr. Williams' Medicine Co., Brockville, Ont., and Schenectady, N. Y., and may be had of all druggists or direct by mail from Dr. Williams' Medicine Co. from either address, at 50 cents a box, or six boxes for \$2.50. The price at which these pills are sold makes a course of treatment comparatively inexpensive as compared with other remedies or medical treatment.

Served the Snob Right.

The following story is told of an English nobleman recently deceased. The Duke was once in church when a collection was announced for some charitable object. The plate began to go round, and the Duke carefully put his hand in his pocket and took out a florin, which he laid on the pew before him ready to be transferred to the plate.

Beside him sat a little snob, who, noticing this action, imitated it by ostentatiously laying a sovereign alongside the ducal florin. This was too much for his Grace, who dipped his hand into his pocket again and pulled out another florin, which he laid by the side of the first. The little snob followed suit by laying another sovereign beside the first.

His Grace quietly added another florin, which was capped by another sovereign on the part of the little snob. Out came a fourth florin to swell the Duke's donation, and then the little snob triumphantly laid three sovereigns at once upon the board. The Duke, just at this moment the plate arrived. The little snob took up his handful of sovereigns, ostentatiously rattled

them into the plate, and then turned defiantly towards his rival, as if he would say, "I think that takes the shine out of you." Fancy his chagrin when the Duke, with a grim smile, put one florin into the plate, and quietly swept the remaining six pack into his pocket.

THINGS OF VALUE.

I could never pour out my inmost soul without reserve, to any human being, without danger of one day repenting my confidence.—Burns.

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I was cured of Black erysipelas by MINARD'S LINIMENT. Inglesville. J. W. RUGGLES.

Covetous men need money least, yet most affect and seek it; prodigals who need it most do least regard it.—Theodore Parker.

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To an honest mind the best prerequisites of a place are the advantages it gives to a man of doing good.—Addison.

"There are two things," remarked Fogg, in a contemplative mood, "that I don't understand. One of these is, how the world got along before I came into it; and the other, how it is going to get along after I have left it."



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FROM ST. JOHN, N. B. Messrs. I. DAY, Surveyor; JAS. WOOD, Shoe Maker; Mrs. S. STORMS, J. GILLIS, WILLIAM PETERS, Tanner; CAPT. D. JORDAN, WM. ALLINGHAM, F. THOMPSON, G. A. HARTLEY, (John) JAMES Minister, Carleton, St. F. C. Baptist Minister, Carleton, St. ROBERT McCUEN, St. John, N. B., writes:

This I certify that for two years and four months I was afflicted with Fever Sores. Had seven holes in my leg, running sores in my breast, back, shoulder and under my arm. I tried several physicians but got no relief. After being seventeen months in the hospital, I returned home and heard of SEGEE'S OINTMENT. I immediately procured a pot. After using it a short time I began to get better; and in a few weeks was completely cured. I can highly recommend it to all persons who may be suffering as I was.

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Province of New Brunswick.

SALE OF TIMBER LICENSES.

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The right of License to cut and carry away all classes of Timber or Lumber, from the principal Timber Lands of New Brunswick will be offered for sale at the CROWN LAND OFFICE, FREDERICTON, N. B., on TUESDAY, the 29th day of August, 1893, and following days.

The Timber Licenses to be sold will cover an area of about 4,400 square miles (or 2,800,000 acres) of crown lands.

These licenses will be for one year, with the right of renewal for a term of 25 years from the 1st day of August, 1893, on fulfillment of all conditions of license.

Licenses will be offered at an upset price of \$5.00 per square Mile, and conditions being complied with, may be renewed from year to year during the term on payment of \$4 per Square Mile; this mileage being in addition to stumpage dues. The stumpage payable on lumber to be cut has been fixed for the present at the following rates:

On Spruces, Pine and Cedar Logs, \$1.00 per M. Sup. ft. Hardwood Saw Logs, 50 " Hemlock Logs, 40 " (Crown Lumber as per regulations.)

Copies of the regulations to govern this sale, and further information required may be had on application to L. J. TWEEDIE, or W. F. FLEWELLING, Surveyor General, Crown Land Office, Fredericton, 14th June 1893.

Notice to Lumbermen.

CROWN LAND OFFICE, 28th June, 1893. NOTICE is hereby given that the sale of Timber Licenses to take place on the 29th day of August next, the right will be reserved to the former Licensee, or any one who may have cut under him, to remove any Lumber or Bark cut on any berth previous to the 1st day of August, 1893. L. J. TWEEDIE, Sur. Gen.



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